# The Daily Astorian.

ASTORIA, OREGON:

THURSDAY.....APRIL 30, 1885

ISSUED EVERY MORNING.
(Monday excepted)

J. F. HALLORAN & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS,
ASTORIAN BUILDING, - - CASS STREET

**Terms of Subscription.**

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**Notice To Advertisers.**

THE ASTORIAN guarantees to its advertisers the largest circulation of any newspaper published on the Columbia river.

Special meeting of the Alerts this evening.

Jno. Whiteaker has been appointed collector of internal revenue, vice J. C. Cartwright.

I. J. Arvold is on deck with a big lot of boots and shoes which must be closed out regardless of cost.

H. DuPark invites those who appreciate fine tonsorial work to his headquarters under the Parker House.

Reserved seats for Dan Morris Sullivan's "Mirror of Ireland" entertainment, at the New York Novelty Store.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Astoria Iron Works will be held at the office of the secretary at 7:30 this evening.

The people who want to get ready for Russian dispatches are advised by the Terre Haute *Express* to practice on the following stanza:

John Deane, a well known member of the firm of Murphy, Grant, & Co., died suddenly at his residence in Alameda Co., Cal., last Tuesday.

The Wilson Comedy company will play "Uncle Josh" at Liberty Hall this evening for the benefit of the Astoria Fire Department. Turn out en masse and give the boys a benefit.

Every county in the state—except Clatsop—is preparing matter regarding immigration to be sent to headquarters at Portland. Even Tillamook wakes up and realizes its opportunity.

According to an *Oregonian* compositor the whistle of the *Telephone* at Portland can be heard at Oregon City. Men who work at Ilwaco no longer need an alarm clock. The *Telephone* serves all purposes.

The indictments found against the city editor of the Portland *Standard*, by the Clackamas county grand jury on a charge of alleged libel, were quashed on technical grounds, the grand jury not being drawn in exact conformity with the law.

A three-masted vessel, barkentine rigged, was in the offing last evening, and those who were watching her were not quite sure but that it was a British war vessel. The *Shubrick* arrived down from Tongue Point, however, last evening, so that we can calmly contemplate any possible emergency.

Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch
And Karatschovitch,
And all the others that end in itch:
Schamscheff, Touchsaneff
And Schepaleff,
And all the others that end in eff:
Wasiltchikoff, Kostomaroff
Tchoglokoff,
And all the others that end in off.

The steamer *Kootenai* built for H. W. McCartney & Co., to run on the upper Columbia from Little Dalles to the point where the Canadian Pacific crosses that stream was, probably, launched Sunday, says the Walla Walla *Union*. She will begin regular trips this week. She will travel but 18 miles in American waters, and the remaining 192 miles in British waters. The *Kootenai*, therefore, is compelled to "clear for foreign ports," the same as a ship clearing foreign with a cargo from the Columbia river, and must receive a special permit from the government at Ottawa, Canada, before making a trip.

The school rooms of Miss Trenchand and Miss Habersham were gaily decked with flowers yesterday afternoon and filled with children whose eyes were sparkling at the thought of the closing exercises, in which they were to take part. The little folks acquitted themselves very creditably, giving evidence of natural ability and careful training. This afternoon the pupils of Miss Connolly's and Miss Badollet's rooms will have their closing exercises, and to-morrow afternoon the series of exercises will close by the final entertainment in Mrs. Martin's and Miss Field's rooms, a public contest on the 8th prox. at Liberty Hall by those selected at the several exercises by the judges winding up the term.

There is an ordinance, and a wise one, on the statute books of the city that makes it a misdemeanor to shoot a gull within the city limits, but below the city where rolls the Oregon it bears the sound of constant fusilade whenever a gull shows its head. The result is few gulls, and as these birds are splendid scavengers, it is bad for the city. In the interests of the noses of our readers and the cleanliness of the beach, now that the days of salmon heads are approaching, it is suggested that those who shoot gulls let up on them. A gull is no earthly use when dead, and living it saves paying out money to men to keep the beach clean, so on the grounds of utility and economy it would be better to kill stumps or stray hogs, or bark trees, than to wound the poor little gulls that outside the city limits are unprotected.

**Special Meeting A. H. & L. No. 1.**

There will be a special meeting at the hall, of Alert Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1, this Thursday evening at 8 o'clock sharp, for the purpose of electing delegates to the State Firemen's Association, to be held in this city in June next.

By order J. O. BOZORTH, Pres.
F. T. JORDAN, Sec'ty.

**Situation Wanted**

By competent help in kitchen or dining room. Apply to room 2, O'Brien's new building.

Private card rooms at Jeff's new saloon—"The Telephone."

**Choice Seed Oats**

For sale at J. H. D. Gray's.

One of the finest billiard tables on the coast at Jeff's "Telephone."

Go to Wilson & Fisher's and see something new in window stops.

Gray sells Sackett Bros.' A1 sawed cedar shingles A full M guaranteed.

—All the patent medicines advertised in this paper, together with the choicest perfumery, and toilet articles, etc., can be bought at the lowest prices, at J. W. Conn's drug store, opposite Occident hotel, Astoria.

**THE NEW COLLECTOR.**

The president has appointed John Hobson collector of the port, one of the most important offices in his gift in this part of the national domain, and one which will doubtless be worthily filled by our old and respected fellow townsman. Mr. Hobson has always been ready, with counsel and substantial support for his party, and the recognition of this fact is universal. Numerous and hearty were the congratulations extended to him yesterday, and his appointment meets with general approval. He has been a resident of this city for over forty years, and is thoroughly acquainted with the wants of this section and the requirements of his new position.

Capt. Merryman's commission expires on the 28th of next month, so that Mr. Hobson will have just about time to get his $100,000 bondsmen ready, have the bonds approved and get his commission in time to step in. He will find everything in first-class shape. The representative of THE ASTORIAN has on innumerable occasions made drafts on the time and patience of the force for statistics and information, and whether it was the worthy chief, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Taylor, the desired information was always obtainable without a moment's delay.

The position is now worth $3,000 a year. When the present incumbent took possession the deputy collector's position was worth $1,500 per annum and the assistant, $1,200. Through Capt. Merryman's representation the salaries were made more proportional to the importance of the duties imposed, and the salary of the deputy is now $2,000 a year and of the assistant, $1,500. There are also two inspectors and a janitor connected with the department; the inspectors get $4 a day each when on duty. It is said that there are 27 applications for the position of janitor.

**VICTORIA EXCITED.**

VICTORIA, B. C., April 28.—Citizens are gathered in groups discussing the war news, and a petition is in circulation asking the mayor to call a public meeting to devise means for the protection of the place and the arming of the inhabitants.

A Russian who visited Victoria about a month ago under pretense of buying furs, is now known to have been a Russian spy, who took drawings of our fortifications and harbors. He went from here to San Francisco.

It is rumored that the disabled steamship *Umatilla*, property of the Oregon Steamship Company, which, since being raised by Lloyd's agent, has laid in Esquimalt harbor, will be sold to the imperial government, and be repaired and fitted up as a cruiser for the protection of British shipping in the North Pacific.

The steamship *G. W. Elder* reports seeing a strange steamer in the straits this morning. She was lying well over on the American side, near the Dungeness light, which is about twenty-four miles from Victoria. Although the suspicious craft is believed to be an American tugboat, the report produces much comment, in view of the want of proper protection for this port.

**HEAD WORK.**

"Come till America," wrote a friend in foreign parts. "All you have to do is to get a three-cornered box and fill it with bricks and carry it to the top of a house and the man at the top does the work."

The man who was yesterday tending the masons on the top of the building next to M. D. Kant's, didn't even have to "get a three-cornered box." He simply filled a bucket with mortar and, balancing it on his head, went slowly and stately up the ladder. It was a kind of head work that attracted universal attention. The man with the "big head" couldn't do that kind of work.

**The Situation in Afghanistan.**

The Czar—Gen. Komaroff, why did you attack the Afghans? Gen. Komaroff—I crave pardon, sire, but did you ever come upon a flock of wild geese when you had your gun loaded for lions? The Czar—No, general. Gen. Komaroff—Well, sire, then it would be useless for me to make any explanation. The Czar—My brave and gallant general! Here, take this medal, and when you get a good chance, hit 'em again!

Dan Morris Sullivan's impersonation of famous Irish characters is wonderful, and his jigs and clogs are superb, the best ever witnessed.—*Pueblo, Col., Chieftain.*

The real show is to be seen in Josie and Morris Sullivan, whose eccentric songs, dances and comicalities are irresistibly funny, and keep the audience in good humor from the opening to the close. Morris Sullivan is immense, and must be seen to be properly appreciated. We can cordially recommend this show as being worthy of patronage to all who love fun without vulgarity.—*Evening Journal, Kansas City.*

**Fresh Eastern and Shealwater Bay Oysters**

Constantly on hand, cooked to any style at Frank Fabre's.

Boys' and Children's suits just received at McIntosh's new store.

For Dinner Parties to order, at short notice, go to Frank Fabre's.

**For a Neat Fitting Boot**

Or Shoe, go to P. J. Goodmans, on Chenamus street, next door to I. W. Case. All goods of the best make and guaranteed quality. A full stock; new goods constantly arriving. Custom work.

**Hot Lunch, at the Telephone Saloon**

From 11 to 2 every day.
A fine lunch with drink or cigar, 25 cents.
No charge after two o'clock.

JEFF.

**Cannerymen.**

Seth Thomas Nutmeg clocks at Gustav Hansen's for eighteen dollars a dozen.

**At Frank Fabre's.**

Board for $22.50 a month. The best in the city. Dinner from 5 to 7.

Don't pay 25 to 50 cents for dinner when you can get a better one at the Telephone for 15 cents from 11 to 2.

—"Hackmetack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by W. E. Dement.

—SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold by W. E. Dement & Co

—Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by W. E. Dement.

—For lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cents. For sale by W. E. Dement.

**ONE WORD.**

The trouble with John W. Simpkins was—so all his friends said—that his mouth ran away with him. He talked too much.

His friend Watson, of the Chicago board of trade, often said: "If there was a pad lock on John W.'s mouth and I had the only key, that fellow would make both our fortunes."

Simpkins was a reporter on Chicago papers and he had put Watson up to some good points, but although Watson would say: "Now, John W., for my sake don't tell this to any one," Simpkins was sure to talk about it to everybody he met, and so his pointers never amounted to anything.

This fatal habit of talking too much had lost John W. situation after situation, until at last he had used up all the places he could get on the Chicago press, and had to cast about him for something to do.

He met Watson just after the latter had made a big thing on hogs and had resolved to quit the hazardous calling of making a living on 'change.

"Watson, I've got a big thing on hand."

"What is it?"

"Well, briefly, it's this. You see the constant trouble there is in Europe makes news from there more than usually interesting. All right; I'm going to London. I'll rent a room on Fleet street or the Strand, or wherever else is the correct spot. I'll make an arrangement to send daily cables to some first-class papers."

"You won't find many that will go to that expense."

"Oh, I've got that down fine. You see my long experience on the press has familiarized me with the phraseology. I have a complete code that I will leave in the hands of my New York man. For instance, I cable, 'Abbot Korti,' that means the British army met the Mahdi at Korti and defeated him with great slaughter. British loss light. The Mahdi's loss immense.' By telegraphing 'Absent Korti,' I reverse the whole order of things and defeat the British. See? I have arranged it that I can send a column dispatch for a few dollars. There's money in it, Watson."

"That code business is as old as the hills."

"Yes, I know, but I have put more in it than has ever been done before and applied it more closely to war dispatches. But that's not all. I'm going to write a weekly London letter. I expect 500 country papers will take it. I'll only charge fifty cents a letter and that alone will net me $250 a week. Each one can then put at the head of its columns, 'This paper is on file at our London office, 1036 Fleet street,' and each paper can put that address at the head of its London letter. See?"

"But this will cost you some cash."

"Yes, that's what I came to see you about, Watson. I want to borrow $200 or $300. If you advance the money I'll whack up with you."

"Well, John W., I can't promise. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm going over to England for a few months' rest. Now you come along. If you can keep quiet about your affair I'll go in with you. If you can't, why, it's the last deal I'll have with you. Hadn't you better make your arrangements with the papers before you start?"

"No, sir. That would be just giving the scheme away. We can make arrangements better from London than here. A country paper will pay more attention to a request from London than one from Chicago."

"I suppose that's so."

At New York, the night before he sailed, John W. told his scheme to several parties, who complimented him by saying it was a first-rate thing. As he and Watson sailed on the *City of Chicago* one of these parties had the schemes all worked out, and when Simpkins got to London he was at a loss which of the parties to swear at.

"Swear at your mouth; John W.," said Watson, disgustedly. "I'm done with you until lip locks are invented."

His financial resources thus restricted, Simpkins looked around London for something to do, not an easy thing to find this year.

Watson was at supper in a Fleet street restaurant that evening when John W. came in, his hat on the back of his head.

"Struck it?" said Watson.

"You bet," cried Simpkins, sitting down at the table. "Waiter, just duplicate this gentleman's order for me, will you? Yes, sir 'ee, Watson, I'm a member of the British press. Went up to some newspaper offices and when I struck the *Daily Paragraph* I'll be hanged if I wasn't just the man they wanted."

"Strange," said Watson, sarcastically.

"Oh, not at all. McGahan was an American, so is Stanley, so is Burleigh—or was, out there, anyhow. Told 'em I had been all through our war—wasn't true exactly, but it served. Asked me if I could talk and read Russian? Told 'em I could. Understood French, of course? Said certainly. Anything of Afghanistan? Had a smattering and could soon pick up a working knowledge of the language. To make a long story short, I'm off to-night for the Afghan frontier."

"But you don't know either French or Russian."

"No, but I've bought instruction books in both languages and I'll study 'em on the way out. Couldn't get an Ollendorf in the Afghan language. Have to chance that."

It happened that the quiet man at their left was a member of the *Paragraph* staff. He said nothing, but when he got back to the office John W. Simpkins' commission was ordered countermanded. As luck would have it, Simpkins was off before the order reached his lodgings. Watson stayed in London a while, went to the continent and came back to London again. Among other letters waiting for him was the following:

NEAR HERAT, AFGHANISTAN,
DARN'D IF I KNOW THE DATE, 1885.

MY DEAR WATSON:

I'm dished again, hang the luck. When I got to this outlandish, heathenish country and before I got rightly settled a London fellow came as special for the *Paragraph* and he had later credentials than mine and besides a letter of dismissal; said they had discovered I had no knowledge of languages, etc. Now, Watson, I swear I told no one but you. Of course I don't think you gave me away *intentionally*, but it must have come from you somehow or other. See a lawyer for me and find if I can't sue the *Paragraph* for breach of anything. Now, old man send me some cash. I'm broke, *broke*, B-R-O-K-E. Don't fail me. Now, I'll put you on a' scheme that I wan't you to whack up with me on. There's millions in it. The Russians mean business and don't you forget it, but either way there's a big thing on. If there's a row, wheat and tinned goods will rise, and rise sudden. If there isn't they'll fall. Catch on? Now, you get back to Chicago and stick to 'Change. I'll get the first news of anything and will cable "buy" or "sell." If I cable the three letters "buy" that will mean there has been a skirmish between the Russians and Afghans. If I cable the two letters "by" then go in for all you're worth. That will mean a battle. Now, Watson, don't fail me. My lips are padlocked at last. There's not a soul here I can speak to.

Yours,
J. W. SIMPKINS.

Watson sent the cash and sailed for America. Day after day passed, with long accounts in the papers of the boundary difficulty, but no word from Simpkins. It was a slack day on the board of trade. Wheat was flat, hovering at 80. Big Jones and Tom McGlinn were talking on the prospects of war.

"Russia will back down, bet any man a farm. Yes, sir. England would lick her out of her boots in less'n no time. She'd close up the Baltic and the Black seas so quick it 'ud make Russin's head swim. There'll be no war."

"I dunno," said Tom. "Russia would get thrashed, of course, but she's just bull-headed enough to go into it. Lord! wouldn't it make wheat jump though!"

Watson was listening with his hands in his pockets when the shrill voice of the telegraph boy called "Mr. Watson, Mr. Watson."

"Here," said Watson, stepping from the crowd, taking his dispatch and signing the envelope. A board of trade man doesn't take a telegram like anybody else. He gets it from the boy folded in two lengthwise. He cautiously raises the upper flap and peers at its contents in a way that makes it impossible for anyone else to see what is on the paper. Then he places it in his book so that he can lift the book cover and consult his dispatches without letting any onlooker see what he reads.

There was but one word in the dispatch and that was "By."

Watson was an old hand. Not a line of his face moved as he placed the bit of yellow paper lengthwise in his book, put the book in an upper pocket and slid his own hands unconcernedly where they were before. Through the corner of his eye he watched the clicking instruments of the telegraph at the office.

"Mr. Jones," cried the telegraph boy. Mr. Jones took his dispatch, and after scanning it furtively finally read it aloud. Mr. Gladstone, it said, had made a statement that peace preliminaries were progressing favorably. "She's rotten, boys," cried Watson, loudly, referring to wheat—as every one understood of course. "I'll sell all I've got."

There were no takers.

"Come, boys, let's do *some* business. Don't let us stagnate. Remember this is Chicago."

"Will you buy?" said Jones.

"I'll do anything," cried Watson excitedly. "I'm in for business. Yes, I'll buy. I'll sell all I've got or I'll buy all *you've* got. Come, now, gentlemen."

"This is not pork, Watson," said a cautious friend who thought Watson's hog deal success had turned his judgment.

"What'll you take Watson?"

"What'll you sell, Jones?"

"I'll sell you all you'll take. How much do you want?"

"Gimme 50?" This meant 50,000 bushels.

"Yes."

Gimme 75?"

"Yes."

Gimme 100?"

"Yes."

"Gimme 200?"

"Yes."

"Five hundred?" shouted Watson.

"Yes." cried Jones, wild with excitement.

"Make it a MILLION, if you dare."

Jones hesitated—breathless.

A yell went up from the crowd that crushed around Watson, who stood at the bottom of the pit looking up at the heated circle of eager faces.

"Come, Jones, put up or shut up. Make it a million or cave in."

"A million it is by——," cried Jones.

"I'll take you," said Watson, noting it down. "Now, boys, the bottom's dropped out of it, come in on me. Pump it in, boys."

"A hundred, Watson."

"Take it, Smith."

"I'll go you 200."

"Pump her in, Stevens. All done on wheat. You think you're selling wheat—gentlemen, it'll be gold dust to-morrow. What's the matter with you? No speculators 'round to-day? Gone home? Can't Chicago fill a little order for a fellow?"

The excitement was intense. Was Watson bluffing? was he crazy? had he private information? May wheat was now 80⅝.

"Give you a hundred at ⅛," cried McGlinn, shouldering his way into view.

"A half it is," said Watson, noting it down.

"Ah ha!" shouted Forman. "The patient foreigner wants this wheat. Watson's been to England. Let the patient foreigner move up. Fifty at three-quarters, Watson."

"Take it, Forman."

Here three or four offered wheat, and Watson, pencil and book in hand, looked from one to the other saying to each, "Take it, take it, take it."

"Consols have gone down two points," cried Smith with a telegram in his hand.

"Another fifty at eighty-one, Watson," yelled Forman.

"Take it. Any more? Now's your last chance, gentlemen, to go down on the grain train. I'm buying a little wheat. Who has any on hand? Have to go to some villages for it, I guess."

"One man can't bluff Chicago," cried Jones, who had caught his second wind. "A hundred at eighty-one."

"Take it."

"Another hundred at a quarter."

"Take it."

"Another hundred at a half."

"Boost her up, Jones," cried the crowd. "Bully for you."

"I take it," said Watson, the coolest of the crowd.

He booked several sales at that figure, the last with Simeons, of Simeons & Co., and was just about closing another deal when Simeons' partner sprang from the telegraph office and shouted:

"Stop, Peter!"

Instantly the news spread. There had been a battle. The operators who had sold tried to cover, but wheat sprang up. Before night it had advanced five cents, and next day closed at eighty-eight and a quarter. When John W. Simpkins reaches Chicago he will find a quarter of a million as his share of the deal, and all because he was in a place where he couldn't talk—the Afghan padlock was on his lips.—*Like Sharp.*

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. E. Dement & Co.

A large assortment of Neckwear received at McIntosh's Furnishing store.

**To Accommodate His Patrons.**

Alex. Gilbert will keep his saloon open day and night. Fishermen can get a good lunch at any hour of the night. The genuine French sardine constantly on hand.

**CROW**

Does not make any second-class Pictures at his New Gallery, No. 61¼, on the Roadway.

Buy your Lime of Gray at Portland prices.


**Test Your Baking Powder To-Day!**

Brands advertised as absolutely pure
CONTAIN AMMONIA.

THE TEST:

Place a can top down on a hot stove until heated, then remove the cover and smell. A chemist will not be required to detect the presence of Ammonia.

DOES NOT CONTAIN AMMONIA.

In Households this NEVER Does Questioned.

In a million homes for a quarter of a century it has stood the consumer's reliable test.

THE TEST OF THE OVEN.

Price Baking Powder Co.,
MAKERS OF
Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts.
The strongest, most delicious and natural flavor known, and
Dr. Price's Lupulin Yeast Gems
For Light, Healthy Bread, The best Dry Hop Yeast in the world.

FOR SALE BY GROCERS,
CHICAGO. - ST. LOUIS.

LIGHT HEALTHY BREAD.

DR. PRICE'S LUPULIN YEAST GEMS.

The best dry hop yeast in the world.
Bread raised by this yeast is light, white and wholesome like our grandmother's delicious bread.

CROCERS SELL THEM.

PREPARED BY THE
Price Baking Powder Co.,
Man'f'rs of Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts,
Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo.

For sale by CUTTING, MERLE & CO., Agents Portland, Oregon



**PORT**

**Your Helm!**

AND

Steer Yourself to My Establishment.

I am selling FINE-FITTING SUITS of
Best Quality and Designs
At Remarkable Low Prices.
Do you know that I can give you a Nobby Suit of good material at
$10, $12, $15, $18, $20.
See Our New Hats,
Latest Styles at $2.50, $3, $3.50
ALSO
A Fine Assortment of Straw Hats.
IT WILL PAY YOU TO TRADE WITH ME
And I herewith respectfully solicit a call.

**M. D. KANT,**


**Three Fishers.**

Three fishermen went gaily out toward the north,
Out toward the north as the sun went down,
And they laughed with glee as they sailed forth,
Saying Jeff's Restaurant is the best in town.
And JEFF'S is the place to go and line—
You are sure to have luck before morning.
Three fishermen sailing up from the bar at noon,
Hungry and dry from their toil of night,
They said "Oh, if we were by the Telephone saloon
We could get lunch and a drink and be all right.
For men will drink and men will eat—
You can do both at the Telephone and that's a treat—
And breakfast at the Chop House in the morning.
Three grangers came into the town one day;
They came by the way of Necanicum creek
To the Chop House to dine we'll go, says they.
The best dinner there every day in the week.
For Jeff does sow and Jeff must reap.
He gives the best meal, and has many to keep.
Get your cocktail at the Telephone in the morning.


# C. H. COOPER'S

## Silks and Dress Goods Department.

In the above department we are showing the most complete assortment of NEW and FASHIONABLE GOODS we have ever opened at prices very favorable to intending purchasers.

## Cloak Department.

We are showing the newest designs in SUMMER WRAPS, made up in all the new materials, and handsomely trimmed. SUMMER ULSTERS, in black and all the latest colors. A large assortment of Jersey WALKING JACKETS, plain and braided, at very low prices.

New Hosiery,
New Gloves,
New Laces,
New Ribbons.
New Parasols,
New Corsets,
New Buttons,
New Trimmings.

A large stock of Ladies' and Children's MUSLIN UNDERWEAR. Also, full line of MERINO, CASHMERE and INDIA GAUZE UNDERWEAR for Ladies.

## SPECIAL!

## Lace Curtain Department.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 50 pairs Nottingham Lace Curtains, | | | $1.90 per pair, | former price | - | $3.00 |
| 50 | do | do | do | 2.90 | do | do | 4.25 |
| 75 | do | do | do | 3.75 | do | do | 5.50 |
| 25 | do | do | do | 5.00 | do | do | 7.50 |

50 pairs real Applique Curtains in ecru, from $5.50 to $10.50 per pair, former prices $8.00 to $15.000. Real Swiss Lace Curtains from $15.00 to $30.000 per pair. Curtain Nets in white and Ecru from 15 cts to 50 cts per pair.

These goods are all of the latest designs and very much under former prices, having been bought direct from New York importers.

The Leading Dry Goods and Clothing House
OF ASTORIA.

# C. H. COOPER'S,



# The New York Novelty Store

The Leading Stationers and News Dealers of Astoria.

REMEMBER | ARTISTS' MATERIALS. TOILET ARTICLES. JAPANESE GOODS FANCY GOODS. BABY BUGGIES. | ONE PRICE | PIANOS. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. JEWELRY. WATCHES AND CLOCKS. BIRD CAGES. | ONLY.

The Latest Notions and Novelties, Etc.

We defy any and all competition. Call, examine our goods and be convinced.
OPPOSITE PARKER HOUSE, - - - ASTORIA, OREGON.



GO TO THE
# O. K.
Hair Dressing Saloon
Parker House, Main St.,
For a first-class Shave, scientific Hair-cut, and hygienic Shampoo, etc,
H. Du PARK, Prop.

Astoria Bakery
AND
Columbia Candy Factory.
Ed. Jackson, Proprietor.
Candies. - - - 20 Cts per lb.
Bread, Pies and Cakes delivered every day.



# CITY BOOK STORE

Fine Stationery,
Blank Books,
School Books,
Music Books,

Agents for Steck's
Little Giant, and
Kranich and Bach's Pianos,
Taber, and Western
Cottage Organs,

SHEET MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

# GRIFFIN & REED.



# D. A. McINTOSH,

The Leading Clothier and Hatter.

New Goods! | IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. | New Styles!

Men's, Youths' and Boys'
# CLOTHING
Hats and Furnishing Goods.
FINEST GOODS AT THE LOWEST PRICES.